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A Fair End Makes Fair the Way.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '07.

THE thorns aren't near so sharp to those
Who reach among them for a rose.

The thoughts and hopes of fairer lands.
Temper the storms to pilgrim bands.

Less hard to bear is each day's sorrow,
When we expect a bright to-morrow.

And so Life's way is easy trod,
If we but make its object God.

—New World.

America's Folklore.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.



ALMOST every nation in the world has its folklore—stories that have been handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. The individual tales that compose the folklore of a nation are for the most part fabulous, or if they have some foundation in historical facts, they have been so exaggerated as to be no longer recognizable as history. Greece, we know, has a rich mythology which has been beautified by the numerous poets. Thus the stories in the Iliad and the Odyssey are believed by some to be merely a collection of ancient tales embellished by the mind of Homer, and by him immortalized. Rome, too, had a rich treasury of mythological tales which found beautiful settings in the poems of Ovid, Virgil and Horace, and in the prose writings of Livy and others.

Only a short time ago there was started

what is known as the "Gaelic Movement,"—an effort to popularize the ancient Irish tales so full of simple and quaint beauty. Among the foremost in this movement are Seumas MacManus and William Butler Yeats, both of whom were lecturers at Notre Dame two years ago. They have gathered their stories from the lips of Irish peasants and tell them beautifully in prose and poetry.

When we read these stories of different peoples, the question must sometimes occur to us, has not America got a folklore of her own? Are there not legendary tales that have been handed down from the early days of our fathers? There is, however, an American folklore, rich enough too, but it has not been popularized or made living. Fathers do not tell these tales to their children nor mothers croon them in their cradle-songs. But there has been a little band of educated men who have been working for several years collecting the stories of early America and publishing them in books and journals.

On the 4th of January, 1888, a number of persons interested in the study of folklore assembled in University Hall, Harvard, and founded what is known as the "American Folklore Society." Professor Francis J. Child of Harvard was made president of the new society, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the publication of a folklore annual. The object of this society was to collect throughout the country ancient stories, legends, and customs which relate to early America. Since the time of its foundation the society has grown steadily and branches now exist in six large cities of America—New Orleans, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal and New York. There is a Folklore Museum in connection

with the Philadelphia society in which are deposited objects which serve to illustrate myth, religion, customs, and superstitions the world over. If we would make examinations, there is no doubt that many of the customs and superstitions of our American Indians might be found in the valuable Indian collection we have here at Notre Dame.

Washington Irving has popularized many of the stories which were current among the early Dutch settlers of New York. Everybody is familiar with Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Hiawatha, too, is an old Indian legend which Longfellow has made household. But there are hundreds of legendary tales which still await the poet's pen to make them living. Most of these are collected in the two volumes written by Mr. Charles M. Skinner entitled "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land." We may get an idea of their character from a few selections.

"Behind the New Grand Hotel, in the Catskills, is an amphitheatre of hills that is held to be the place of which the Mohicans spoke when they told of people there who worked in metals and had bushy beards and eyes like pigs. From the smoke of their forges in autumn came the haze of Indian summer; and when the moon was full it was their custom to assemble on the edge of a precipice above the hollow and dance and caper until the night was well worn away. They brewed a liquor that had the effect of shortening the bodies and swelling the heads of all who drank it, and when Hudson and his crew visited the mountains, the pygmies held a carouse in his honor and invited him to drink their liquor. The crew went away shrunken and distorted by the magic distillation, and thus it was that Rip Van Winkle found them on the eve of his famous sleep."

This explanation of the haze of Indian summer is a good piece of imagery. The lives of the early Dutch settlers are full of these mythical tales, and legend hovers over the Catskills like the mists on their summits.

The story explaining the baker's dozen is interesting: "Baas [Boss] Volckert Jan Pietersen Van Amsterdam kept a bake shop in Albany, and lives in history as the man

who invented New Year cakes and made gingerbread babies in the likeness of his own fat offspring. Good churchman though he was, the bane of his life was a fear of being bewitched, and perhaps it was to keep out evil spirits, who might make one last effort to gain the mastery over him ere he turned the customary leaf with the incoming year, that he had primed himself with an extra glass of spirits on the last night of 1654. His sales had been brisk, and as he sat in his little shop, meditating comfortably on the gain he would make when his harmless rivals—the knikkerbokkers (bakers of marbles)—sent for their usual supply of olie-koeks and mince pies on the morrow, he was startled by a sharp rap, and an ugly old woman entered:

"Give me a dozen New Year's cookies!" she cried in a shrill voice.

"Vell, den, you needn' speak so loud; I aind teaf, den."

"A dozen!" she screamed; 'give me a dozen. Here are only twelve.'

"Vell, den, dwelf is a dozen."

"One more—I want a dozen."

"Vell, den, if you want anodder, go to the duyvil and ged it."

"Did the hag take him at his word? She left the shop, and from that time it seemed as if poor Volckert was bewitched, indeed, for his cakes were stolen; his bread was so light that it went up the chimney, when it was not so heavy that it fell through the oven; invisible hands plucked bricks from that same oven and pelted him until he was blue; his wife became deaf, his children went unkempt, and his trade went elsewhere. Thrice the old woman reappeared, and each time was sent anew to the devil; but at last, in despair, the baker called on Saint Nicolaus to come and advise him. His call was answered with startling quickness, for almost while he was making it, the venerable patron of Dutch feasts stood before him. The good soul advised the trembling man to be more generous in his dealings with his fellows, and after a lecture on charity he vanished, when lo! the old woman was there in his place.

"She repeated her demand for one more cake, and Volckert Jan Pietersen, etc., gave it. Whereupon she exclaimed: 'The spell is broken and from this time a dozen is

thirteen!' Taking from the counter a gingerbread effigy of St. Nicolaus she made the astonished Dutchman lay his hand upon it and swear to give more liberal measure in the future. So until thirteen new states arose from the ruins of the colonies—when the shrewd Yankee restored the original measure—thirteen made a baker's dozen." This story in its relation to St. Nicolaus resembles some of the legends of the Middle Ages which formed the subjects of miracle plays.

Many of the lakes and rivers of Wisconsin were held in reverence by the northern tribes, and the regions about these waters have derived their names from events and superstitions which have been long forgotten. Near the dells of the Wisconsin a chasm of fifty feet is shown as the ravine over which Chief Black Hawk leaped when pursued by the whites. Devil's Lake was supposed to be inhabited by a Manitou who piled up the blocks that form Devil's Doorway and built Black Monument and the Pedestalled Boulder, where he might sit during the day and look over the surrounding landscape and at night watch the dance of the frost spirits (our aurora borealis). When hunters in Wisconsin came near Devil's Lake they stopped, because all the fowl about that place was in charge of the Manitou. And the waters could not be touched even to slake the thirst of a passing traveller, nor could a fish be drawn from the clear basin.

Niagara Falls—symbol of strength and power—has its legends which come to us from Indian times. The deep roaring of the cataract was believed to be the voice of a mighty spirit who dwelt in its waters, and the Indians in those ancient times offered a yearly sacrifice to this mighty one. This sacrifice consisted of a young maiden who was sent over the Falls in a white canoe adorned with fruits and flowers. The Indian maidens all contended for this honor, for they believed that the bride of the Manitou was a subject of special reverence in the happy hunting-grounds. The last sacrifice which is recorded was offered in 1679 when Lelawala, the daughter of Chief Eagle Eye, was chosen. She was placed in the white canoe which was beautifully decorated with blossoms and ripe

fruits. The old chief watched her enter the canoe with the calmness of a stoic, but when the little bark swung out into the current, his fatherly affection overcame him, and leaping into his own canoe he tried to save her. Both went over the Falls into the churning waves below, and it was believed that they were turned into two spirits. Eagle Eye ruled the cataract while his daughter was the spirit of the mists.

The southern states are full of folklore, most probably brought from Africa by the early slaves. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in his stories of Uncle Remus has rescued many tales which were fast slipping away, and has told them in a fascinating way. "The Pimmerly Plum" might serve as an example of these southern legends. They are nearly all animal stories. Uncle Remus is an old negro, and he tells his tales to the grandson of his former master.

One evening when the little fellow was anxious for a story he said to Uncle Remus:

"I wonder whatever became of old Brother Tarrypin?"

The old man started, but soon answered:

"Well, well, well! How de name er goodness come you ter know w'at runnin' in my min', honey? Mon, you skeer'd me; you sho'ly did; en w'en I git skeer'd I bleedz ter holler."

"Ole Brer Tarrypin," continued Uncle Remus in a tone of exultation, "ole Brer Tarrypin! Now, who bin year tell er de beat er dat? Dar you sets studyin' 'bout, ole Brer Tarrypin, en yer I sets studyin' 'bout old Brer Tarrypin. Hit make me feel so kuze dat little mo' en I'd a draw'd my Rabbit foot en shuck it at you." Then Uncle Remus began to tell the story of how Brer Tarrypin "tuck'n make a fool out'n" Brer Fox.

"One time when de sun shine down mighty hot, ole Brer Tarrypin wuz gwine 'long down de road. He 'uz gwine 'long down, en he feel mighty tired; he puff, en he blow, en he pant. He breff come like he got de azmy 'way down in his win'pipe; but nummine! he de same ole creep-um-crawl-um have-some-fun-um. He 'uz gwine 'long down de big road, ole Brer Tarrypin wuz, en bimeby he come ter de branch. He tuck'n, crawled in, he did; en got 'im a drink er water, en den he

crawl out on t'er side en sat down und de shade un a tree. Atter he sorter ketch he win', he look up at de sun fer ter see w'at time er day is it, en lo en beholes! he tuck'n skivver dat he settin' in de shade er de sycamo' tree. No sooner is he skivver this dan he sing de ole song:

"“Good luck ter dem w'at come and go,
W'at set in de shade er de sycamo'””

Then old Brother Tarrypin felt so comfortable in the shade that he fell asleep. But after a time he was awakened, and there he saw Brer Fox. He looked at him and said: “Ef dey wuz any jealousyness proned inter me, I'd just lay yer en pout kaze Brer Fox done fine out whar I gits my Pimmerly Plum” This made Brer Fox's “mouf water” and he asked:—

“Whar 'bouts de Pimmerly Plum?”

“You stannin' right und' de tree, Brer Fox!” Brer Fox looked up and saw the little green balls on the sycamore tree. But Brer Fox didn't know how to get at those Pimmerly Plums, and he asked Brer Tarrypin how he would get them. Brer Tarrypin put off the fox, telling him he “aints got time fer ter wait en git um,” but the fox insisted that he had the whole week before him if Brer Tarrypin would only tell him how to get them Pimmerly Plums.

Well, says Brer Tarrypin, “I tell you how I does, Brer Fox. W'en I wants a bait er de Pimmerly Plum right bad, I des take my foot in my han' en comes down yer ter dish yer tree. I comes on I takes my stan'; I gets right und' de tree, en I r'ars my head back en opens my mouf. I opens my mouf en w'en de Pimmerly Plum draps, I boun' you he draps right spang in dar. All you got ter do is ter set en wait, Brer Fox.” Then old Brer Tarrypin went off home leaving Brer Fox sitting under the tree with his mouth open waiting for those Pimmerly Plums to drop.

Charles C. Jones has done a like work in collecting stories from the “swamp regions of Georgia and the Carolinas where the lingo of the rice-field and the sea island negroes is *sui generis*.” America, therefore, is not by any means wanting in folklore, but this treasure wants the pen of the poet or the skilful prose writer to give them a popular setting so that Americans may learn them and repeat them to their children.

Varsity Verse.

THE SONG OF THE HAY FEVERITE.

HAPPY land wherein to roam,
Mackinac, my Mackinac;
Would that I could call thee home,
Mackinac, my Mackinac;
Land where rag-weed never grows,
Where the golden-rod ne'er blows,
Land of rest and sweet repose,
Mackinac, my Mackinac.

Many sneezers love thee well,
Mackinac, my Mackinac;
I with them thy praises swell,
Mackinac, my Mackinac;
Gone the streamlets from my eyes,
From my nose the crimson dies,
I am free beneath thy skies,
Mackinac, my Mackinac.

T. E. B.

THE TENSE LIFE.

The pump is always in the well,
The well is in the ground,
And there this morn, oh, hard to tell,
Our cat was sleeping found.

Ah, they may well ding-dong the bell,
Well come who come; no doubt
Sir Thomas tumbled in the well
And couldn't tumble out.

Thus, many things there are in life
'Tis sad to understand,
That some men learn to play a fife
And some to play a hand.

C. A. L.

NIGHT-SONG.

Sleep, sweet baby eyes,
Ashen are the skies;
All the west
Is at rest,
Swift the moon will rise.

Soon the stars will shine
Like those eyes of thine;
Birdies rest
In their nest,
Sleep, sweet baby mine.

T. E. B.

WAITING.

The sun has set and silence reigns
O'er autumn's withered fields,
From out the east through thin grey clouds
The moon her radiance yields.
Its white beams fall with cold caress
On shivering stacks of corn
That stand like sentinels of night
In watch for distant morn.

J. F. S.

The Reward of Duty.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.

A Drama in one act.

SCENE I.—The Governor's office. Enter Adjutant-General.

GOVERNOR. Good morning, General! you look cross this morning. What's the trouble?

ADJUTANT-GEN. Oh! I am disgusted with company B of Mifflin and am about to refuse them a new commission. A company that needs a new captain every two months has no right in the State Militia. I have already assigned them three captains, and now they want a new one. I came in this morning to obtain your consent to exchange this company for another and also to have your advice as to which applicant I should select.

Gov. I will consent to whatever you do; so appoint whichever you think best prepared. By the way, who is the new captain of B?

Adj. Why, strange enough, he happens to be the best possible choice they could make, Houghton.

Gov. What! the son of my old classmate! Now, General, we will have to give that boy a chance. Tom Houghton was too good a student and soldier to have a worthless son. Besides it would hurt Tom very much to have me turn down his boy.

Adj. All right! I will issue his commission, and you can advise him to prove his right to be Colonel Houghton's son.

SCENE II.—A Room in Mifflin some months later. James Houghton and his fiancée, Alice Evans.

JAMES. Well, Alice, you have put me off long enough. You must answer me finally this evening. When will you name the day?

ALICE. There is no necessity for you to stand in the middle of the room that way. Sit down and be sensible. Everybody knows you look like a soldier and are Captain of the reformed Company of Tin Soldiers.

JAMES. Never mind the "tin soldiering," we have the best company in the state to-day. Did we not win all the prizes at the contest last week? The Governor himself said we moved like a machine and that our marksmanship was excellent. But please stop joking. I am in earnest and want an answer to my question. I ask again, when will you marry me?

ALICE. O Captain Tin, if you command, I must obey orders. But still I am determined not to surrender unconditionally. When you prove your company are real soldiers I will accept your date.

JAMES (*impatiently*). Oh, bother that company! It is not worrying me, what (*loud ringing of door bell. A boy enters with a message for James who reads aloud*): "Captain Houghton, take your company on special train to Brighton and guard the jail at all hazards, even to death.—Governor." (*To Alice*) Good-bye, Alice, I will set a very early date.

SCENE III.—Railway station at Mifflin. James in uniform surrounded by his company who are fast reporting. Train waiting.

JAMES. Well, boys, this is our chance, so be sure not to lose it. All will take full cartridges as there may be trouble to-night.

A SOLDIER. I say captain, did you not hear what happened in Brighton last night?

JAMES. No. What was it?

SOLDIER. The First National Bank was robbed and Ed McNally was shot by—

JAMES (*startled*). What's that!—Ed McNally shot?

SOLDIERS. Yes. He was working late. They caught the murderer bending over his victim, though he claims to be innocent. According to his story he had an appointment with Ed, but as everything is against him that story won't go.

JAMES (*aside*). Poor Ed. Many a scrape we went through together at college. Now I must guard your murderer from harm. But *must* I defend him? Can they expect me to defend the slayer of my old chum—defend a dastard I long to kill? I can't; I won't. What does the Governor mean? Can he not understand? But then he does not know our relationship. I will not defend him, but will cheer the mob that lynch him. Yes, I will avenge my friend and help lynch his murderer. Ah, why does my father's motto, "Never betray a trust," now loom up before me? Is this where I am to show myself the son of Colonel Houghton? If I do not defend this villain, I shall disgrace my name and my father's honor. O fate! you are indeed cruel thus to afflict me; thus to antagonize Friendship and Duty—friendship that demands vengeance for a slaughtered friend and punishment for the

guilty; duty that obliges the defence of a friend's slayer. Have I no choice? must duty prevail? Yes; it will never be said that a Houghton betrayed his trust or disgraced his family honor. The world may say I am a false friend, but Ed will know why I act thus—that duty comes before all else.

SCENE IV.—Jail at Brighton. Company B. The sheriff. The mob heard in the distance. Near midnight.

SHERIFF. Captain, I have been instructed to obey your orders. What shall I do?

JAMES. How many men have you?

SHERIFF. Twenty, all well armed.

JAMES (*to sheriff*). Well, then, as that is a sufficient number take your men and guard the rear. Do not let a man pass alive. (*To his men.*) Now, boys, let us show we are true soldiers. The least sign of fear will ruin our cause, and possibly cost some of us our lives. This mob coming down the road there must not succeed in its unlawful purpose. True, the villain within is worthless; but our country depends upon us to uphold the law and secure the prisoner a fair trial. If it is necessary to fight, aim and shoot to kill after the first volley which will be into the air. Remember, we are here to prove our worth and to obey the Governor's orders which are to guard the jail even to death. That's—(*lynchers arrive.*)

MOB. Hurrah for the tin soldiers, mamma's darlings. The Governor knew whom to send. Let's lynch a few of them with the murderer of our best citizen. We'll assure him justice, and that speedily.

JAMES (*stepping forward and motioning for silence*). Citizens of Brighton! I know and feel the sentiment that moves you to despise the law of your State. The friendship that brings you here to-night is as deeply mine as yours. Ed McNally was my friend and for years we were constant companions. Indignation and anger impel you on against his murderer, and it almost does the same for me. But my friends—for a friend of Ed's can not be an enemy of mine—my friends, I say, stop and consider. To lynch this villain will cost you many lives. We, forced by duty and the trust that is placed in us, must defend this jail and its contents, to death if necessary. You have wives and children at home, consider well then what you are about to do. And see if the life

you seek is worth the making of so many orphans and widows. Orphans and widows, I repeat, for though I do not wish to shed blood to-night I must warn you that we are ordered to shoot to kill. (*A messenger here interrupts James while the recoiling mob says: "If he represents law and justice, we need have no fear. McNally will soon be avenged."*)

JAMES (*aloud after reading the message*). Friends, this is joyful news. McNally is not dead as first reported, but may still live. He has recovered consciousness and has confirmed the story told by our prisoner. I am ordered to release this innocent man.

(*Curtain.*)

Oliver Goldsmith:

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

(CONCLUSION.)

The estimation Irving gives us of the poet is more applicable to Goldsmith as an author than as a man. Far be it from us to intimate that Goldsmith in his writings was hypocritical; on the contrary, no poet was more personal, more sincere or more familiar; but at the same time, no moralist preached stronger sermons against his ruling passion. Goldsmith's productions, however many and various, are always refined and uniformly agreeable. As Dr. Johnson expressed it, Goldsmith has the art of "saying anything he has to say in a pleasing manner." Under a sketch of Dr. Parnell in the "Lives of the Poets" we read that Goldsmith's language "was copious without exuberance, exact without restraint and easy without weakness."

Most terse and accurate of all criticisms Johnson passed on his friend was that which he inscribed on his epitaph: "He touched nothing that he did not adorn;" and in the same place characterizes his style as "weighty, clear, and engaging." In truth, this "vivid and versatile genius" had such a rare and happy gift of prose style that he could render any theme delightful. His was the highest art in that he concealed all art by his perfect ease and smoothness without a trace of effort though sometimes

a mark of neglect. He wrote on the most commonplace subjects, the most familiar topics, in a manner so simple, so graceful, so musical that any reader, however young, must understand and love him. Heartfelt and tender as his pathos is, it never seems affected or theatrical. His humor—Goldsmith's quaint, delicate, delightful humor—loses none of its charms for being occasionally tinged with amiable sadness. Very seldom does he employ the present tense, or classical allusions, or pagan elements; but oftener personifies virtues and even apostrophizes liberty, whose trite invocation he had ridiculed in his "Vicar of Wakefield."

Goldsmith's histories, very fallible epitomes, possess the merits of his style and the skill of a compiler, and are, therefore, enjoyable books of study for juvenile readers. We must, however, side with Boswell in opposing Johnson's unqualified praise: "Whether we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as a historian he stands in the first class."

While conceding the author's gift in collecting and condensing materials, we can not credit his disregard for precision. "Reading maketh a full man;" but Goldsmith's reading as well as his studying had been desultory, and hence it can not be added that his writing made him "an exact man." Dr. Johnson's appreciation of the poet is echoed in Sir Walter Scott: "The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice, and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he so highly adorned. He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea."

In poetry Goldsmith imitated the model of his age, Alexander Pope, and in doing so weakened his compositions by his didactic precepts. His metre, however, teems with compassion, and possesses none of the

master's satirical hardness. The characteristics of Goldsmith's poetry are chiefly, ease, softness and beauty, together with an elegance of imagery, depth of pathos and flow of numbers. Nature had made him a poet, and he in gratitude became one of her most charming artists. No doubt we would have been favored with more of his poetical effusions could he have afforded "to court the draggle-tail Muses." Before publishing his "Inquiry" he wrote to his brother: "Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, it were no unpleasant employment to be a poet." Later, in dedicating his "Traveller" to the same person, he said: "Of all kinds of ambition that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest." We are the more easily grieved to hear this sigh because we know that it springs from a kind, benevolent heart and not from the cynical pessimism that led Burns to exclaim: "If naeboddy care for me, I'll care for naeboddy."

It was Goldsmith's generous sympathy with everybody that largely reduced him to want. He might have petitioned for himself when Lord Northumberland invited him to his castle; but no, he merely hinted that he had a brother in Ireland who stood in greater need of assistance. He might have spent his hard-earned money on himself instead of lavishing it in alms and cancelling the debts of others. He might have secured a life's competency by becoming Lord North's political defender; but Goldsmith resented the thought of being a public libeler, a mercenary cut-throat. He was loyal to his king and friendly to all except himself.

Goldsmith had unbounded confidence in his fellow-men, unlimited trust in the world. In his manners he was mild, gentle, cheerful; "ready for a frolic when he had a guinea, and, when he had none, could turn a sentence on the humorous side of starvation." Indeed, he was too anxious to please, too prone to enjoy the present. Such a twofold nature, as it were, one bright, the other blundering, largely accounts for his improvidence, his unconcern, his fickleness, his undisciplined self-control which could neither withhold him from the gaming-table nor impede his way to the green-room. In fairness to him it must be added that though he liked a bottle of Madeira, he loved sobriety better.

Unhappily, Goldsmith had a weakness for trying to distinguish himself in little matters, particularly in conversation, and that, too, in the presence of such masters of the art as Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick. The last named summed up the poet's failure in this respect when he penned the epitaph, Goldy "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Although Goldsmith was painfully sensible of his incapacity in conversation, still he lacked the discretion and self-command to observe a prudent silence. Despite the poet's shortcomings and self-created obstacles we must plead for this harmless, ingenuous man: "Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity."

We read the history of Goldsmith's life and works with a feeling of heartfelt sympathy, more akin, perhaps, to vexation that he should have strayed so blindly and obstinately from the wide path of fortune that persistently opened up before him. Indeed, he may more correctly be called the author of his misfortune than the architect of his fortune. If it is true that he struck for honest fame and acquired a measure of greatness by his ardent—we will not say continuous—efforts, it is no less certain that a degree of greatness was thrust upon him; for thirty years' dallying was not the mistress that fashioned his pen and soon thereafter weaved his laurel. Goldsmith's petty foibles and vanities, like those of Dr. Primrose, serve rather to win our sympathy than gain our censure. As the artless optimist of Wakefield has said: "They who would know the miseries of the poor must see life and endure it." Goldsmith tasted the bitterest dregs of life and did what in him lay to sweeten the draught for others. This universal, unselfish love forgives him for many thoughtless failings, and accords him the warmest place in the hearts of English readers. "Let not his frailties be remembered," cried out Dr. Johnson, "he was a very great man." He may not rank in the first class of our poets; he may not number among the best of our playwrights, but he is Goldsmith than whom there is no figure more beloved in our literature—he is immortally the poor, the compassionate, the open-handed Oliver Goldsmith.

(The End.)

My Joy.

W. C. O'B.

MY joy was like a noonday rose
That scents the air with perfume sweet;
But lo! before the day did close
'Twas wilted 'neath the summer's heat.
Some friends this lavish perfume shared,
And longed that they might near me be;
But who, alas, has ever dared
In times of grief to visit me?

Poe versus Doyle.

FRANK T. COLLIER, '07.

Probably no writer in the history of American literature has been the subject of more active controversy than Edgar Allan Poe. As a man he has had bitter assailants and indignant defenders; he has been loaded by his defamers with unmeasured abuse, and presented to us by his admirers as one driven to ruin by "unmerciful disasters," an unhappy genius worthy of our pity and our tears.

Be this as it may, Poe is one of the few American writers who somehow have succeeded in arresting and holding the attention of the world of letters. It is not as a poet, however, that we are about to deal with Poe; but rather to fathom, if possible, his imaginative genius and compare it with that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous creator of "Sherlock Holmes." Whether he deserved to be called the "maker of the detective story," and why his short stories have been well received throughout the reading world, especially in France, and whatever we may know and learn of his character, his aims or his works, Edgar Allan Poe is one of the mysterious and unfixed figures about whom every student of literature is entitled to his own personal opinion.

Poe was endowed with that rare power of close analysis, of logical and consecutive thought, which we associate with a mathematical and keenly intellectual mind; this fact being best illustrated in his ready

deciphering of cryptograms and the cleverness with which, as in "The Gold Bug," he involves his readers in a tangle in order to delight them with his skill in unravelling.

The acuteness of his deductions is best shown in his detective story, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." He was able to foretell correctly the plot of Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge" after reading the first few chapters; while nearly half a century ago he predicted the present era of tall buildings in New York. The ability to combine the interests and accessories of a story so that they all work together to deepen a single impression on a reader's mind and imagination was probably the greatest gift with which Poe was endowed.

It is in this tone of total effect that Poe stands alone. Unlike Doyle he could tell a story rapidly, vividly, filling it with a marvellous reality and thrilling interest. Here again Poe is the realistic story-teller, the true follower of Defoe. Dr. Doyle himself acknowledges some indebtedness to Dupin, the detective in Poe's short stories of "The Murder in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter." This is very important when we remember that in "A Study in Scarlet," Holmes is made to speak rather contemptuously of Dupin's skill and acumen. To quote Doctor Doyle: "In work which consists in drawing detectives there are only one or two qualities which one can use, and an author is forced to hark back to them constantly, so that every detective must resemble every other detective to a greater or less extent:

There is no great originality required in devising or constructing such a man, and the only possible originality which one can get into a story about a detective is in giving him original plots and problems to solve, as in his equipment there must necessarily be an alert acuteness of mind to grasp facts and the relation which each of them bears to the other."

Doyle went to work, therefore, to build up a scientific system in which everything might be logically reasoned out. Thus Sherlock Holmes differs from Dupin in his immense fund of exact knowledge, upon which he draws in consequence of his creator's previous scientific education. He

was practical, systematic, logical, and his success in the detection of crime was the result not of chance or luck but of his characteristic qualities.

"In the very best of the Sherlock Holmes' stories" Dr. Harry Thurston Peck has said, "he is as ingenious as Gaboriau, as imaginative as Poe and in addition he creates for us characters that are broadly human and that interest wholly apart from their relation to the plot."

Again he says: "Sherlock Holmes himself interests us simply as a man. His curiously-varied tastes, his fondness for good music and rare books, his disorderly rooms, his utter boredom when not absorbed in disentangling mysteries, his smoking of tobacco when working out his problems, his addiction to the cocaine habit—all these things amuse or interest or pique us until we grow fond of him, and get at last to know him as well as though we too shared his rooms in Baker Street. Moreover, by making Watson the narrator of the stories they are made to seem almost plausible to the reader because of their sober, unemotional manner."

That these stories live in the memory and fill the imagination is due to the fact that Doyle has made of Holmes a real, live human character. After you have read all the stories and reread them again and forgotten the details so that you can read them again, the figure of Holmes will always remain indelible. On the contrary, you marvel at the imagination of Poe; you are struck dumb with admiration of his wonderful intellect. His creatures, his characters, are lost in the contemplation of the obtrusive personality of the creator.

Dr. Doyle can do everything that Poe has done, and he adds to this masterly power of intellect the human element of personality. In that light, to my mind, there is no doubt as to Conan Doyle's superiority over Poe as a weaver of detective tales.

Sanctuary Lamp.

Burn steadfast, Lamp;

Let not a flicker leap

To start a shadow

From its midnight sleep. T.E.B.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—The debating season is about to begin. Final arrangements will be completed in the very near future for debates between Notre Dame and the Universities of DePauw and Iowa. It is saying much for debating at Notre Dame that it elicits an interest as general and a competition as keen as do either baseball or football. There are well-grounded reasons for believing that the forensic battles this year will be more exciting than ever before. Every man who believes that he can make a fairly creditable showing in the first preliminary ought to be convinced that he owes it to his college as well as to himself to enter. He may not make either team the first year. They are the exceptions who do. Some of the ablest debaters of the last few years were those who won out only after repeated defeats. A large number of entries produces that sharp, snappy competition which is the soul of the game, it secures a large corps of strong men to take the places of those who graduate; and it ensures that those who make the team and represent the school are the very best we have.

—To-day Sergius De Witte stands out pre-eminently the greatest man in Russia. Starting low, his star of fame has been on

the gradual rise until by the recent manifestoes of Nicholas it has reached its zenith. As the first Premier of Russia he seems destined to guide the nation from out its chaotic condition, and cement together the parts broken by riots and civil war.

—Mr. Dooley is with us again. His reappearance in Collier's is a welcome one. As witty and humorous as ever, he discusses in his own inimitable way the much-talked of Life Insurance Investigation. The quality which especially characterizes Mr. Dooley's writing is originality, and that is the quality so sadly needed by our modern writers. Dooley never lacks originality, and this to a great extent is responsible for the welcome which greets the return of the "Sage of Archy Road."

—"There are men who do not divide actions merely into those that are honest and those that are not, but create a third subdivision—that of law-honesty—of that kind which consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary." Appropriate words, indeed, coming from the President as they do at a time when the recent exposure of insurance companies; the increasing number of bank failures; the disclosure of the base methods used by "practical politicians," only too loudly call our attention to the great number of "law-honest" men who hold responsible positions in our country; men whose passions and appetites seem to be their gods; men whose code of morals permits them to act in a "business is business" like manner, and who are satisfied if only they keep clear of the penitentiary. College men who intend to take an active part in political and financial circles should remember these words of our chief executive: "The distinction upon which we must insist is the vital, deep-lying, unchangeable distinction between the honest and the dishonest man." Some who enter life's great struggle and fail may attribute their weakness to the godless education which has been imposed upon them. Catholic educated men, however, who fail will have to find another excuse. Along with this secular education has gone a moral training which, from their earliest days, has taught

them that there is no *via media* between the honest and the dishonest man. An everlasting rebuke surely to the unfortunate who has managed to buy his way to apparent success must be the final words of our energetic President: "The scoundrel who fails can never by any possibility be as dangerous as the scoundrel who succeeds; and of all the men in the country, the worst citizens, those who should excite in our minds the most contemptible abhorrence, are the men who have achieved great wealth, or any other form of success, in any other way save a clean and straightforward manner."

—Historical research, always the enemy of prejudice and bigotry, will consign a few more lies and frauds to the curiosity shop of the antiquarian in the work of revising "Chambers' Encyclopedia." Furthermore, the articles upon Monasticism, the Jesuits, and St. Alphonsus, written by the bigoted Littledale, are to be expunged from *Britanica* and replaced by other articles from the pen of Catholic authorities. To us this seems of great importance, since henceforth the large number of students who look to these encyclopedias for their ground knowledge in historical subjects will no longer be met with statements as false as they are malicious, giving erroneous impressions which it often takes years of closer study to correct. Moreover, it once again establishes the fact that the Church has nothing to fear from historical research, the result of which will always be her vindication before the world.

—In the Contributor's Club of the current *Atlantic Monthly* a writer is at some pains to show how a certain poem which appeared in that publication two issues ago is a masterpiece from the viewpoint of technique. Following the ingenious contributor through to the tedious end, we began to feel the pangs of an intellectual starve-out, and looked in vain for meat among so much fine carving. When poetry is such that it needs the commentator to point out its beauties, even though many find it hard to see beauty in poetry, it can fitly rank only with the mute records of the graphophone which need adjustment in the machine and some-

body to turn the crank before they become vocal. It doesn't take marginal notes to strengthen the voice of a line like

"And the wild cataract leaps in glory,"

and Tennyson has written neither the first nor the last lyric line in English. Be it highly said of the poem in question, however, that it does not need the crutch of the commentator's explanations.

—The general result of the recent elections has been most gratifying to those who have the welfare of their country and the preservation of democracy in their hearts. The thrones of several political bosses have been rudely shaken, and many reigns of political graft and monopoly have come to a deserving end. Philadelphia's ring of political grafters has been broken; Ohio has destroyed its house of thieves; while Jerome and the enforcement of the law has triumphed in New York. It is to be hoped that this campaign for pure politics will spread throughout the Union and that its success will mark the dawn of the new century as an era of political reform.

Greed for wealth and the corruption of political ideals has ever had a most corroding influence on democratic governments. It was these influences that crumbled the marble temples of Greek civilization and broke the strong arm of Roman democracy. Our national life is still in its infancy. If we are to grow in civilization and power we must ever cherish a sterner morality and a higher spiritual life. The type of the twentieth century American should conform to the standard set up by Bishop Spalding in his *Essay on Social Questions*. The keynote of the essay is found in the passage which we quote:

The new century needs a new man—a more thoughtful, more loving, more chaste, more generous kind of man. The nineteenth shall be gratefully remembered for its scientific achievements and its mechanical inventions, but not for the nobleness and beauty and love of its children. It was an age of greed and grasping, of little faith and feverish desire; of pretense and cant; of fine phrases and cruel deeds; of weak will and lawless passion. We inherit its spirit of unrest, of doubt, of low-mindedness and rapacity; of boastfulness and lust. Against this spirit we must struggle if we hope to accomplish enduring things, to make our country rich and fair in the spiritual qualities of its citizens.

Thoughts in a Library.

Many there are who do not feel the sacred mysteriousness that reigns in a library, but the invisible genius of the place softly whispers to his devotees melodies unknown to the profane. Those books on the shelves are not unmeaning, lifeless forms. They speak of the years of toil and effort their authors have lived and sorrowed, and have written their thoughts with their life-blood. Their mind, in whatever direction it may have been led, and on whatever topic it may have exercised itself, is a part of that universal mind of which Emerson speaks; it is a glowing reflection of God's mind.

Take one of their books and read; do not read only with your eyes, but feel. Read with your whole soul and you will be gladdened by the sense of the life-giving spirit that lurks beneath the cold, black letter. The words of your book are especially written for you. Thoreau has said: "It is not all books that are as dull as their readers." Give your life to the book; the book will give you its life. A vital book is a medium between two souls. Understand this. Be impressible and let your own personality fuse with your reading. The vitality of books resides in their power of revealing to ourselves our most intimate thoughts. We live in the book and we do not know that we live.

Time and space do not exist for the soul. You may think again the thoughts of Plato. Think them with your Catholic individuality, and you are above Plato.

Bishop Spalding has written: "What we have is not what we are, and the all-important thing is to be, not to have." Read, not that you may know but that you may do. Read and think. "Thought is parent of the deed," says Carlyle. Under the words, there are other words which no eye can see, no lip pronounce. They are a mental vision which may irradiate our whole existence. For the dawn he throws over our morning horizon, the writer is a thousand times to be blessed. Let us be grateful; he shall live in us. Nature dies every year although she veils her own death with the beauty of her autumnal tints, but books and thoughts remain forever.

ALBERT E. BLIN, '06.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 71; DEPAUW, 0.

The scoring machine is still in working order, and the way McGlew's men waded through DePauw last Saturday makes things look good for us when we meet Indiana's team this afternoon. Although the Varsity outclassed DePauw in every department of the game, there was always "doings" of some kind by the blue-legged men. They were outweighed and outplayed, but they never quit, and a gamer bunch of little men has not been seen here in many years.

The new plays that Coach McGlew has been perfecting for the Indiana game were not tried against DePauw; so the rooters did not have a chance to see the new assortment of "touchdown makers" that McGlew is getting ready to hand Indiana.

FIRST HALF.

Draper kicked off to Jewett who returned the ball ten yards. Miller made three yards through Sheehan. On the next play Healy was offside and we were penalized five. By a series of tackle bucks, aided by several offside plays DePauw, carried the ball to the centre of the field. There Notre Dame held for downs.

In about eight plays, line-bucks by Draper, McAvoy and Downs put the ball on the five-yard line, and W. Downs went over for the first score. DePauw did not make first down again during the whole game. The score at the end of the first half was 32 to 0 with the ball in the centre of the field.

SECOND HALF.

Waldorf went in at full-back and W. Downs took Bracken's place at left half. Miller kicked to Silver who returned twenty yards. "Bumper" Waldorf then got busy with DePauw's line, and every time he was given the ball he tore through guard or tackle for gains ranging from five to twenty yards and in five minutes went over for a touchdown. From then on the game was similar to that of the "Medics" a week before, as it developed into a foot race up and down the field the Varsity scoring about every three or four minutes.

Notre Dame,		DePauw
Callicrate	L E	Tucker
Munson	L T	Onclly
Beacom	L G	M'Q'tter-Grider
Healy, Sheehan	C	Simkins
Donovan	R G	Law
M. Downs	R T	Shultz
McAvoy	R T	B. Hurst
Silver	Q B	Chester
Bracken, Waldorf	L H	Jewett
Draper	R H	Douglas
W. Downs	F B	Miller

Touchdowns—W. Downs, 6; McAvoy, Beacom, Donovan, 2; Waldorf, 2; Callicrate, 1. Goals from touchdowns—Draper, 6. Umpire—Talcott. Referee—Kilpatrick. Linesmen—Lathrop and Murray. Time of halves—Thirty minutes each.

Coach "Jimmy" Sheldon of Indiana states that Notre Dame has more than ever a chance to defeat Purdue, and that there is a possibility of the local eleven beating his team at the State University. He said: "At the present time both Purdue and Indiana are ahead of Notre Dame on form, but McGlew has a great bunch of beef, and if it is developed there is no reason why the team can not more than hold its own in the big games."

"Bumper" Waldorf made his first appearance Saturday. His line-bucking was easily the feature of the game.

Callicrate showed the best form he has shown this season. In another year he ought undoubtedly be one of the best ends in the state.

Donovan, Beacom, Downs and Draper played good ball and gained whenever called upon.

Douglas and the Jewett brothers played brilliantly for DePauw.

It has been almost impossible for Healy to get in shape this year. Healy went in at centre last Saturday, but he was nervous and repeatedly getting offside; McGlew took him out and will give him plenty of work in order to get him in shape for Indiana and Purdue.

Sheldon sat in the bleachers Saturday and watched the game.

Personals.

—For many anxious weeks the students of Sorin Hall were making repeated inquiries concerning the health of their devoted director, Father Murphy, who had been obliged to undergo an operation for appendicitis in the St. Joseph's Hospital. The boys who so gratefully concerned themselves about the welfare of their Prefect were highly pleased on Monday last to see him resume his post with a reassuring smile.

—It was indeed a fraternal welcome with which the older students greeted Mr. Francis F. Dukette, who gladdened all by his presence at Notre Dame in the early part of the week. Mr. Dukette had distinguished himself in no common manner both in the classical course from which he graduated in 1902 and subsequently in the law department. Frank's versatility and many scholarly accomplishments won for him an enviable reputation. On his departure from here he matriculated in the post-graduate, law department of the University of Michigan; but unhappily before the year terminated his sorely-taxed eyesight became so weak as to force him to relax his incessant application to study. We grieve with Frank at his misfortune and heartily wish him a speedy recovery.

—Among the ever-memorable students whose acquaintance we made within these rooms and walks is the celebrated quartette, consisting of Byron V. Kanaley, Fred J. Kasper, Grattan T. Stanford and D.T. Kelly. These four men have returned to Harvard University to enter upon their second year's work which they purpose to make, if possible, even more representative of Notre Dame's scholarship than the previous one. The last-named, a former Carrollite, is pursuing a collegiate course; while the other three,—members of the '04 class and former editors of the SCHOLASTIC—are continuing the study of law. Fred secured a praiseworthy mention in a recent periodical for holding unchallenged the first rank in his class at a Chicago summer school. Byron is still the progressive orator and scholar whose general ability made his name a household word at Notre Dame.

The Philosophical Origin of Law.

Man is a dependent being and neither does nor can suffice for himself. He lives and moves and has his being in God. He exists, develops, and fulfils his existence only by communion with God, through which he participates of the divine Being and life. He communicates with God through the divine creative act and the Incarnation of the Word, through his kind and through the material world. Communion with God through creation and Incarnation is religion, distinctively taken, which binds man to God as his first cause, and carries him onward to God as his final cause; communion through the material world is expressed by the word property; and communion with God through humanity is society. Though society, or the communion of man with his Maker through his kind, is not all that man needs in order to live, to grow and to actualize the possibilities of his nature and to attain to his beatitude, it is yet a necessary and essential condition of his life, his progress, and the completion of his existence. He is born and lives in society, and can be born and live nowhere else. But society never does and never can exist without government of some sort—without laws, either natural or ethical, as a firm foundation upon which to rear the edifice of civilization. As society is necessary to man's nature, so is law and order necessary to society.

Hence as man is nowhere found out of society, so nowhere is society found without its laws. Law is necessary; but let it be remarked, by the way, that its necessity does not grow exclusively or chiefly out of the fact that the human race by sin has fallen from its primitive integrity, or original righteousness. The fall asserted by Christian theology, though often misinterpreted and its effects underrated or exaggerated, is a fact too sadly confirmed by individual experience and universal history; but it is not the cause why government is necessary, though it may be an additional reason for demanding it. Law would have been necessary if man had not sinned, and it is needed for the good as well as for the bad. The law was promulgated in the Garden, while

man retained his innocence and remained in the integrity of his nature. It exists in heaven as well as on earth, and in heaven in its perfection. Its office is not purely repressive, to restrain violence, to redress wrongs, and to punish the transgressor. It has something more to do than to restrict our natural liberty, curb our passions, and maintain justice between man and man. Its office is positive as well as negative. It is needed to render effective the solidarity of the individuals of a nation, and to render the nation an organism, not a mere organization,—to combine men in one living body, and to strengthen all with the strength of each, and each with the strength of all. It is the minister of wrath to wrong-doers, indeed, but its nature is beneficent, and its action defines and protects the right of property, creates and maintains a medium in which religion can exert her supernatural energy, promotes learning, fosters science and art, advances civilization, and contributes as a powerful means to the fulfilment by man of the divine purpose in his existence. Next after religion, it is man's greatest good; and even religion without it can do only a small portion of her work. They wrong it who call law a necessary evil; it is a great good that should be loved, respected, obeyed and, if need be, defended at the cost of all earthly goods, and even of life itself.

The nature and essence of law is to govern, restrain and control. A law that does not these is simply no law at all. If a law has not the ability to govern and governs not, it may be an agency, an instrument in the hands of individuals for advancing their private interests, but it is not government; it is not law. To be a law it should control both individuals and the community. The object of laws, again, is to govern; to govern is to direct, control and restrain, as the pilot directs and controls his ship. It necessarily implies two terms, and a real distinction between them—governor and governed. The error in politics of denying all real distinction between the lawgiver and the law-observer, between the governor and the governed, is analogous to that in philosophy or theology of denying all real distinction between Creator and creature, God and the universe. If we make

governor and governed one and the same, we efface both terms; for there is no governor or governed, if the will that governs is identically the will that is governed. To make the controller and the controlled the same is precisely to deny all control. There must then, if there is law at all, be a power, force, or will that rules distinct from that which is ruled.

Law is not only that which rules, but it is that which has the right of authority to rule. Power without right is not law. Whatever resort to physical favor a nation may be compelled to make either in defense of its authority or of the rights of the nation, the government itself lies in the moral order, and politics is simply a branch of ethics—that branch which treats of the rights and duties of men in their public relations, as distinguished from their rights and duties in their private relations.

Law being not only that which governs, but that which has the right to govern, obedience to it becomes a moral duty, not a physical necessity. The right of the law to govern and the duty to obey are correlatives, and the one can not be conceived or exist without the other. Hence loyalty to authority or to law is not simply an amiable sentiment, but a duty, a moral virtue. The American people have been chary of the word loyalty, perhaps because they regard it as the correlative of royalty; but loyalty is rather the correlative of law, and is, in its essence, love and devotion to the sovereign authority, however constituted or wherever lodged.

There is nothing great, generous, good, or heroic of which a people truly loyal to the law of their land is not capable; and nothing mean, base, cruel, brutal, criminal, detestable, not to be expected of a people where law is not supreme and loyalty to this law the actuating spirit.

The assertion of government as lying in the moral order defines civil liberty, and reconciles it with authority. Civil liberty is freedom to do whatever law permits or does not forbid. Freedom to follow in all things one's own will or inclination, without any civil restraint is license not liberty. There is no lesion to liberty in requiring obedience to the commands of the authority of laws when these laws have the right to com-

mand. To say that it is contrary to liberty to be forced to forego our own will or inclination in any case whatever, is simply denying the right of law to govern. Liberty is violated only when we are required to forego our own will or inclination by a power that has no right to make the requisition.

The requisition, if made by rightful laws, then, violates no right that we have or can have, and where there is no violation of our rights there is no violation of our liberty. The moral right of the law, which involves the moral duty of obedience, presents, then, the ground on which law and liberty may meet in peace and operate to the same end.

It is upon this solid truth and in this generous sentiment that the civilized nations throughout the world have based the solidity of their national fabric. It is with these few facts on the origin of law and government well in hand that the ancient Greek republics enacted those laws that afterward bore their golden fruit in a state of civilization and advancement in the arts and sciences that has never been surpassed, and scarcely equalled by succeeding generations.

It is to the *Jus Gentium* of the Romans that we are indebted for the impetus given to just laws and righteous legislation that has rolled onward throughout the ages. It is to the law of England that we look as to the kindly light that has led us through the turmoil of the dark ages and the labyrinths of religious and civil upheavals into the bright beacon of our twentieth century civilization. What martyrdoms of consecrated devotion and what loyal service of genius it required to bring our laws to their present unprecedented condition, is fully attested by the history of civilization in its slow advance through the ages.

Many a noble and well-merited eulogium might be written upon "The Law and its Origin," but let us not forget those martyrs to advancement, who, with the full light of heaven-born truth shining on their brows and messages of beneficent reform sounding on their lips, have consecrated their genius and laid their talents on the altar of justice in order that the laws of our land may attain to the highest eminence and truly symbolize divine justice.

T. B. COSGROVE, '05.

Card of Sympathy.

Whereas in His infinite mercy and goodness God has seen fit to call to an eternal reward the beloved mother of our friends and schoolmates Carlos and Guillermo Vernaza, we the undersigned, in behalf of the Latin-American students of Notre Dame, desire to extend to the bereaved relatives our sincere sympathy.

Benjamin R. Enriquez

Alberto J. Duque

Samuel J. Guerra

* *

ERRATUM.—Owing to a regrettable error, for which we hereby extend an apology, the name of Mr. Ashton Byrns appeared in an obituary notice of our last issue as the deceased person, whereas the Christian name should have read Frank.

Local Items.

—FOUND:—Fountain pen. Call on Ashton V. Byrns, Carroll Hall.

—The Ohio Club will hold a meeting this evening at 7:30. All members are earnestly requested to attend.

—The prospective Gun Club must be laid on the bench. No fire-arms will be allowed about the ground this year.

—What is the matter with the hot water faucet on the second floor of Sorin? The cold mornings are coming, but not so the hot water.

—The deportment marks for September and October of the students of Brownson Hall were the best in the remembrance of the present prefects.

—The gymnasium is open every morning from 9:30 to 11 a. m. for Sorin, Brownson and Corby; and every afternoon, except Monday, from 3 to 4:30 p. m. for Carroll

Gymnasium Hours:

Monday Division A—1 to 2 p. m. Minims

Division B—2 to 3 p. m.

Tuesday Division A—10 to 11 a. m. Carroll

Division B—11 to 12 m.

Thursday—10:30 to 12 m. } Sorin

and } Brownson

Sunday—9:30 to 11 a. m. } Corby

—Last Wednesday there was an informal meeting of the Senior Parliamentary Law Class to consider questions for the University debates for the coming year. Communications from several universities, concerning debates with Notre Dame, were read.

—Another meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held in the meeting room Thursday evening. There was some dispute as to whether the executive committee should be permanent or temporary, but those upholding the latter finally won by a small majority. It was also decided that a debate be held with the Corby society before that with St. Joseph's. Several subjects for the preliminaries were proposed but none was chosen. Those who wish to compete in the preliminaries must hand in their name and a subject for debate before Friday night. The subject having the most votes shall be chosen.

—The Lecture and Entertainment Course this year will prove to be exceptionally satisfactory. We have already had a lecture by Dr. Shields on "The Art of Study," and two excellent concerts by the Wunderle Trio and the Ernest Gamble Co. Among the features already booked for the course are the wonderful Hungarian Orchestra; Mr. Leland Powers; Mrs. Beecher; Professor Pierson; Lorado Taft; Rosati's Royal Italian Band; Whitney Brothers Concert Co.; Siegel, Meyer Read Co.; Pitt Parker; Wallace Bruce Amsburg; the Durno Magical Co.; and Dr. Douglas Hyde. Prof. Monaghan of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Fathers Vaughan, Nugent and Chidwick are probable lecturers, and negotiations have been begun to secure Secretary Bonaparte and Bourke Cockran. Archbishops Ireland, Keane and Glennon will also be asked for a lecture.

—"Was O'Connell a friend of the Irish?" was the proposition one Robby Williamson revolved over and over in his mind as he carelessly descended the stairs of the Main Building and sauntered away in direction of Sorin. The more he had read on the subject the more difficult it seemed to solve. As Robby neared the "Hall of Fame" he saw in the distance his friend Thammer putting for the woods where he is wont to commune with himself on the cosmological structure of the universe. Thammer's fame as an historian and critic of expensive view was widespread. Indeed rumor had it that Thammer had already completed a post-graduate course in history somewhere in the elite East. Robby was especially glad to meet Thammer, and going up to his old friend laid the question before him: "Was O'Connell a friend of the Irish?" Ironically answered Thammer: "Of coss he wasn't; if he was why when that king of England was shouting, 'a hoss, a hoss, my kingdom for a hoss,' he would have got him a hoss and then he could have freed Ireland." A vacant stare settled in Robby's eyes as he nodded assent and retraced his steps to the Main Building.